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comprehended but not articulately stated by the people whom it most directly concerns.

And I shall try to show, by some actual examples, how such a mythological figure may come to life in the small hours at a village festival, may come to life and, by even the least little action, stir the whole community by her sanctity and strength and add by that much to her store of legend. It would be difficult to overstress how real this creature is to the present day Balinese. She has the sort of authenticity which in our culture belongs to Santa Claus, to the Tax Collector, and to the Angel of Death—with the difference that we could not very well imagine all these figures rolled into one, while the Balinese seem to find no difficulty in attributing to Rangda such a multiplicity. They know her well, they expect the worst of her. Whatever turn events may take, she will be evil, she will be female, she will be angry, she will destroy, she will behave like fear incarnate. And you cannot kill her. Over and over the Balinese reiterate, telling her stories, "you cannot kill her." It is not even any use to play out her death in the dramatic version, for she is always there, everlasting and indestructible, just Rangda.

But the strange thing is that any enactment of Rangda's role, either in institutionalized, ceremonial fashion or as a part of a dramatic performance offered outside the temple at the time of a festival or, perhaps most propitiously, when a temple member during the ceremony spontaneously goes into trance and is possessed by the god of the Rangda, and the mask, heretofore hidden away in a basket in one of the shrines where offerings are laid out, is brought forth and put upon the possessed's head and worn throughout his godly impersonation, is considered a fortunate occurrence, if not an actual exorcism, certainly in the nature of a reassurance that the powers of evil, though forever with us, are under control and in such close communication with living humankind that they may be quite easily propitiated and kept in a favorable frame of mind. It seems to give a Balinese a comfortable feeling to see this long fanged, long nailed, bulging eyed, hairy creature, with the hairy pendulous breasts, her whole body traversed by horizontal black and white stripes, cavorting and careening in the temple enclosure, to be brought finally to quiescence with incense and holy water, a few offerings, and a word or two of respect. The entranced player comes to himself, the mask is put away once more in the basket, stored in the temple. The player merges with the crowd, totally amnesic for what has happened.

To those who are interested in following the thread of Hindu influence coming down out of the past to form a part of the weft of current Balinese life, the consonance of the character of Rangda with that of Durga as they think of her is both striking and inescapable. But in following this thread,

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by means of cultural diffusion, a given people were exposed to a given set of ethological constructs in the ethological make up of a neighboring people. Elements under such exposure do not always "take." And if they do take, they are likely to be transformed and refurbished according to the prevailing feeling in the receiving culture. An inner congruence exists within a culture at any point in time, an equilibrium between the various elements which compose it, such that, if any element is added or drops into oblivion, it reflects upon the total culture at that time. And if a single religious concept, myth figure, or fairy tale is accepted from without or independently evolved, the whole culture is to that extent modified. Children are brought up on these tales; parents' attitudes are modified in concordance with the current belief. They warn, shield, console, and threaten the young with the mythological and religious figures in mind. Fear and fantasy in the adult are communicated to the child in a thousand subtle ways, in the tone of voice in which a father speaks, in the roll of a mother's eye, or in the shiver that runs down her spine as she holds the child in her arms. There is a channeling of feeling which runs out of the realm of fantasy into that of reality, so that the whole culture expresses this feeling not only in the formation of the individuals who make it up, but in its ordering of day to day behavior, its method of economy, its patterned exchanges, and its ceremonial and secular ritual. Kardiner has stated this point as follows:

> The value of the whole genetic approach lies in its being able to show us how certain integrational systems come into being; and we made it our special concern to track down those systems we designated as projective, in contrast to those of taught or rational origin on the basis of which scientific systems are built. In every society studied we found evidences of these two systems. The empirical reality systems we found in the manipulation and making of tools, the knowledge of planting, and so forth; the projective systems in religion, folklore, and many other systems.
>
> These two types of mental process depend upon different orders of experience. The differentiating feature is not that one has an emotional constituent and the other not. Both have emotional components. Rational thinking is driven by curiosity and has such goals as mastery and utility. The emotional component of projective thinking is made up of all those affects which accompany human relations. In the systems built on a projective basis the conclusions drawn do not depend on any fixity in nature, but on sequences which are contingent on institutionalized practices conveyed by parents or other people in the environment of the growing child. Hence our interest in the genetic aspects. The experiential base of a projective system is generally forgotten; its only remains in the personality are to be found in the conditioned perceptions, meanings, affects, psychosomatic reactions, and behavior. It is a feature of such projective systems that they are capable of extension upon situations which have no actual resemblance to the experiences on which they were based. This may be called *symbolic extension.*"

" Kardiner, 1945, pp. 38-39.

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fying. The Dragon confronts the Witch and they hold altercations in ecclesiastical old Javanese. Followers of the Dragon, armed with krisses, enter and approach the Witch ready to attack her. But she waves her magic cloth—the cloth baby sling—and after each attack they crouch down before her, magically cowed. Finally they rush upon her in pairs, stabbing ineffectively at the Witch who has become a half-limp bundle in their tense arms. She is uninvolved and offers no resistance, but one by one they fall on the ground in deep trance, some limp, some rigid. From this trance they are aroused by the Dragon who claps his jaws over them, or by his priest sprinkling his holy water. Now, able to move again but not returned to normal consciousness, they move about in a somnambulistic state, turning their daggers which were powerless against the Witch, against their own breasts, fixing them against a spot which is said to itch unbearably. Thus symbolically they complete the cycle of the childhood trauma—approach to the mother, the rejection and the turn-in upon the self.[28]

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Mead and Bateson have illustrated the two way relationship they see between the parent child behavior and the two great masked figures as projections of Mother image and Father image; especially on Plate 62 of *Balinese Character*, entitled "Parents: Witch and Dragon," six of Bateson's photographs juxtaposed show the characteristic behavior of the Rangda and Barong, and a witch-like mother holding her baby in the air, her eyes starting out of her head, her teeth exposed, and a protective father holding his baby. A photograph of the conflict between Witch and Dragon has the descriptive caption:

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. . . a scolding match in archaic language (*Kawi*). The gestures typical of this conflict are clearly shown—the Dragon expressing anger by sudden forward thrusts of his head, and the Witch stretching out her arm with all five fingers splayed and rigid, a gesture not of physical attack but rather oriented to make the opponent powerless.[29]

A series of juxtaposed movie films made by Bateson show up even more clearly parallels between parent child behavior, the stimulation and frustration of the child, leading to tantrum, and the stylization of the masked play, leading to the trance seizure which these authors see as the equivalent of the infantile tantrum.

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But there is another aspect to the behavior of the Witch which deserves emphasis, and that is the character of Rangda as the personification of Fear. Probably the usual bogeys in cultures which bring up their children in the fear of them are scary, but they do not themselves act out the feeling. Dr. Mead has stated this aspect of Rangda as follows:

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The fascination which the figure of the Witch holds for the Balinese imagination can only be explained when it is recognized that the Witch is not

[28] Bateson and Mead, 1942, pp. 34-35.
[29] *Ibid*, p. 179.

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only a fear-inspiring figure, but that she is Fear. Her hands with their long menacing fingernails do not clutch and claw at her victims, although children who play at being witches do curl their hands in just such a gesture. But the Witch herself spreads her arms with palms out and her fingers flexed backward, in the gesture which the Balinese call *kapar*, a term which they apply to the sudden startled reaction of a man who falls from a tree. The Witch reconstitutes the figure of the mother, not only as the teasing, powerful, unsatisfying person who aroused one's emotions only to throw one back upon oneself, but also as the person who cried "Snake!" and "Wildcat!" and so drew the child to her bosom by a display of fear. Only when we see the Witch as herself afraid, as well as frightening, is it possible to explain her appeal and the pathos which surrounds her as she dances, hairy, forbidding, tusked, and alone, giving her occasional high eerie laugh."

That the fear component in Balinese character structure should be projected onto a figure which itself plays fear is quite congruent with what has been called the narcissistic character of these people—the self-contained, somewhat aloof bearing in interpersonal relations and the concern with self, the tendency to turn own affect into artistic products, music and dance, rather than to be concerned with goals and mastery techniques or with affect oriented toward another person.

Interrogation of informants corroborated the hypothesis that fear and the teaching of fear were associated, even on a conscious level, more closely with the mother than with the father. For example, one informant said, "My father taught me not to say what I thought and not to believe what others said; my mother taught me, when I went to a strange village, to beware of eating any food." Further corroboration is given in the complacency and assurance with which the Balinese admits to fear, an outstanding fact in this culture which I noted a number of years ago in a first attempt to outline what I called "the Balinese temper."[11] For Europeans and Americans brought up to value courage and to be ashamed to fear, it was at first surprising to find a Balinese happily stating "Sing bani," "I do not dare," as if he expected approval for his lack of daring. Indeed, where mothers consistently frighten their young children, as Mead and Bateson have shown that the Balinese do, in order to teach them the right way to behave and how to avoid dangers in the outside world, a demonstration of one's awareness of danger would meet with maternal approval and, by extension, could be offered in later life as an aspect of one's character for which one could expect to be generally approved. Where, in our culture, parents speak of "putting the fear of God into him" when they want to make a good child,

[10] *Ibid*, pp. 35-36.
[11] Belo, 1935, p. 139.

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the Balinese mother smiles upon her son when she has taught him to say and feel "*Sing bani*," when she has taught him fear.

That this tie up between the mother and fear exists in Bali there can be no doubt. But that the Rangda should be construed as Mother Figure representative of the total feeling toward the mother, and that this substitution should be carried over into adulthood until the young man looks forward to marrying a girl who will turn into a witch, "marry a woman whose attitude toward human relations will be exactly that of his own mother,"[20] is a point of view with which this writer does not agree. Rangda serves only as a representation of the fear aspect of the Mother Figure. There is a split in the feeling toward the mother, the destructive, witchlike, devouring, and deathly side of her represented in the Rangda, which Mead and Bateson have stressed, and the loving, beautiful, food-giving aspect of the living woman.

Balinese women are famous the world over for their beauty, their grace, and their graciousness as people, and of this quality the women themselves do not seem unaware. The men, equally handsome and graceful, are appreciative of the gracious quality of the female and remark upon a pretty face, a beautiful breast, with connoisseurship such as they apply to the arts. Women who bear children are highly valued, and the importance of having issue is in this culture equal for the male and the female. Women cook the daily rice, which is holy. The making of the little rice goddess, Dewi Sri, at each harvest time from the first cut sheaf is apparently an Old Indonesian rite, representative of both the food giving and fertility aspects of the female. At New Year's time, before each house is hung a *lamak*, a palm leaf panel with cut out designs in highly stylized Old Indonesian patterns. On each panel, executed in a distinctive manner in each village, is a stylized tree, probably a male symbol, and a *tjili*, a lovely slender lady with triangular body and a circular headdress. This *tjili* figure has been identified with Dewi Sri, with the *dedari* (*widadari*, Sanskrit *vidya-dhari*), heavenly nymphs, in whose name the little girl trance dancers (*sang hyang dedari*) are invoked. A myriad of different forms among the offerings and the receptacles for the soul in post-mortuary ceremonies recall this graceful, somewhat infantile female figure. It seems that we are dealing here with a prototype of the feminine spirit figure from Old Indonesian times, brought down to us more or less intact in the *tjili* patterns and carried over, with necessary modifications, into the Hinduistic death ritual where needed. Covarrubias[21]

[20] Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 36.
[21] Covarrubias, 1937, pp. 172-75, 177, 179 and 181.

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CHAPTER THREE

Ceremonial Appearances of Rangda and Barong

Village temples in Bali are linked together in a given area by hereditary ties or because of allegiance to a princely house or to that of a Brahmana high priest. Thus to a head temple on the day of its yearly festival will come the members and the priests from a number of tributary temples round about, bearing their gods in procession, accompanied by their *gamelan* orchestras, with spears and banners and all ceremonial regalia, and bringing also the Barong and the Rangda. To the great temple Poera Panataran at Kesiman (in the vicinity of Den Pasar, Badoeng District) there come year after year as many as a dozen Barongs with Rangdas, and with them their "followers," who customarily go into trance, draw krisses, and stab themselves (*ngoerck*) as a part of the manifestation of the power of their masked figures. At times informants will explain to Europeans that this is a "battle of the witches," that they are matching their power. Actually there is no encounter between the witches.

A film record of one of these ceremonial occasions at Kesiman shows a curious division in the behavior of the entranced followers which I want to point out here, for it throws light on the attitudes of some of the subjects we were able to study more intimately and in greater detail. Briefly stated, it is that while some of the temple members wear (Balinese say *njaloek*, more literally "bear") the masks and very often go into trance in their roles, and while other temple members seize a kris and begin to stab themselves in trance, among the entranced are some who take instead the characteristic Rangda attitudes, the arms extended and the fingers abducted (*kapar*, the "startle pose"), bending backward and forward from the waist and emitting the characteristic Rangda sounds, "Wha! Wha!"—long drawn out yowls of horrific glee; these last are said to be entered by the god of the Rangda, though it is not their ceremonial function at the moment to impersonate her. It appears also that these characteristic sets of patterned trance behavior may be used alternatively by both sexes, and may constitute a formalized track for crossing sex lines. Rangda is, in my experience, always played by a man. In the formal Barong play, men draw krisses and attack the Witch; then, overcome by her power, they turn the krisses on themselves. Women,

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so far as we know, do not attack the Witch but in the temple do attack themselves with krisses. A man who in trance enacts the Rangda role, when he is not in the mask, is showing an identification with the female figure.

Kesiman. At the Kesiman temple this behavior occurs against the following ceremonial background. During the day, a great cockfight is held in the square outside the high entrance gate of the temple. This is still going on when, in the late afternoon, the processions arrive from the various tributary temples, with Barongs and Rangdas. These enter the temple court, where the Barongs are said to make obeisance (*mebakti*) to the Gods of the Temple. The "followers" make obeisance, too, and immediately, as the Barongs rise to their feet and turn to leave the temple, they leap up, shouting, with drawn krisses, and some begin to stab themselves. The bearers of the Rangda masks appear, for the most part, to go in trance, too, as is manifested in their disoriented manner and jerky walk as they are led towards the gate of the temple. An indescribable chaos rules in the temple court as all this wild, abandoned behavior breaks out; the people crush against each other, perhaps five thousand of them, pressing to keep close to their own Barong. The priests are sprinkling holy water, pushing through the crowd with lighted incense braziers, shouting instructions to each other. In the mêlée a young boy of fifteen or so tries to stab himself, then stands there, his kris limp in his hand, the tears running down his cheeks. Some very old people, men and women, dressed in ceremonial obsolete court dress, form in procession, too, and slowly make their way toward the high gate. These are the *sadegs*, the official trance spokesmen of the gods, who at some time during the festival will hold a ceremonial feast and godly conversation in order to determine the gods' will. Some few of these go into trance now, two of them assume the attitudes of statues and stand for more than an hour holding their poses as guardian figures, one on either side of the ceremonial gate.

One by one, on the day we are describing, the Barongs with their followers and the entranced Rangdas squeezed through the narrow gate. The procession, which was to circumambulate three times the cockfight pit in the outer square, gradually took shape. Masked figures, bearers of regalia, priests, entranced followers brandishing their krisses, and among them the subjective Rangdas without any masks slowly moved forward and around the space. At times the crowd pressed so closely that I had to hold the camera up over my head and keep my finger on the button. We noted that each time they passed the gate the more violent trancers broke into renewed spasms of self stabbing or further careening, and many stopped and gesticulated before

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the gate as if daring the presence within the temple to come out and join in the affray.

When this part of the ritual, the circumambulation of the outer square, was at an end, the masked figures and their followers passed up the steps again and through the gate into the inner court, where the entranced were sprinkled with holy water and smoked with the incense brazier to bring them out of trance, and their krisses were taken from them. Sometimes the entranced struggle violently when disarmed. One of the most conspicuous performers on this occasion, a man who had dressed himself in the ceremonial cloth, *poléng* (black and white check in large squares) for both his upper scarf (*sapoet*) and his headcloth (*oedeng*), who had been especially exhibitionistic in his self stabbing and in his prancing about with wide legged steps and wide eyed facial expressions, broke into tears and wept bitterly when his kris was taken from him. It happened that at this time the *méndét* dance (a dance with offerings, usually performed by women) was in order in the ritual. Our friend with the checked garb stood there a moment weeping, his hands extended—and then he began dancing the *méndét* with the women.

This sort of behavior is quite common in the temple festivals of smaller village groups, and it is in practise very much easier and very much more rewarding to study behavior sequences in smaller settings, where the individuals who perform various parts may be followed and identified, preferably where the people are known to the observer as individuals, so that something of their life history and their circumstances is either known or may be readily collected afterward.

Sindoe, April 1937. A setting particularly well suited for this type of observation was provided in the tiny temple, Poera Dalem of Sindoe (Intaran, Badoeng District) a few hundred yards down the road from the house of Katharane Mershon, one of our group of investigators. All the participants were friends of hers, and even the introduction of two or three Europeans, armed with cameras and note books, and two trained Balinese secretaries, busily taking notes and asking every one's name and the name of every offering and bit of ritual, did not seem to affect the ethos of the ceremonial. The occasion from which I want to select certain structural details and behavior sequences for description here was a calendric festival which lasted three days, from April 26 to April 29, 1937, on the first day from five o'clock in the afternoon to 2:35 A.M., on the last day from 8:50 P.M. till 1:42 A.M. There was an absolute orgy of trance, which every one enjoyed thoroughly. A sick girl, suffering from tuberculosis, had promised the necessary extra sets of offerings to "keep" for the three days the "little

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If, as the girls go into trance, the little gods they are holding fall over, the old priest quickly goes to the girl who holds one and straightens it, so that it is upright between her knees. Most of the girls keep their little gods upright, held in their two hands vibrating them strongly, like the wooden stick on which the puppets are strung in *sang hyang déling*. Moenet and one other girl dance wildly out from the circle over towards the entrance gate. The other girl falls first. Then Moenet makes a wild dash forward, spilling the coals from the brazier, and goes down too amongst the others. All are crying, but Ngales, loudest.

There was a sense that the purpose of the festival had been achieved. It was 2:35 A.M., more than twenty-five minutes since the last attempt to put the bearers of the little gods in trance had been begun. Everyone was ready to go home now; the party was over for tonight. The old priest came forward and sprinkled holy water on the girls. The little gods were taken from them, replaced on their shrine. To each the incense brazier was passed; they stretched out their hands over it and wafted the smoke to their faces. Then, as the old priest sprinkled them once more, each made the gesture of obeisance (*soembah*) toward the main shrine and came to herself. Ketjig, too, without fuss, had gotten up from the offering stand and gone away.

Sindoe, December 13, 1937 (*night*). I want to juxtapose here some notes on these same girls taken by Margaret Mead some eight months later, in the same temple. It had been said in trance that the little gods (*sang hyang boeng boeng*) should be taken out and danced every fortnight, at full moon and dark moon, to guard against illness. The village was busy meanwhile training a "baby *djangér*," a set of dancers ranging from three to six years, and it had again been said in trance that these small dancers should follow the small gods, just as the small gods follow the goddess, (*betari*). A further prescription was that they should carry with them a tiger banner to keep them safe from bad spirits and illness. The banner, however, was not yet ready so the little troupe went about accompanied by Ketjig, the man trance dancer who becomes a tiger.

At nine o'clock on the night of December 13, 1937, the children were dancing *méndét*, with offerings; two little three year old girls were the center of interest.

Wajan starts to dance by herself, stops. Dajoe Basang Gedé starts; then both dance and rub noses.

The other children came on in pairs, the boys, too, burlesquing it a little. Then Moenet, the lovely dancer who had been so conspicuous on the night just described, April 26, 1937, danced forth with an offering. Margaret Mead's notes say:

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796 [535] Moenet . . . Her dancing is impersonal yet sensuous, where the *légongs* (formal child dancers) are also impersonal but not sensuous. She uses the curves of her matured body, but, one feels, for no human purpose and bound to no human emotion. Contrast with Aijoe in Kepaon, who is a beautiful, mature woman dancing as such. Ngales comes and dances with her. Ngales contrasts strongly with Moenet's aloof, reserved, unhurried poise; although she dances well she is definitely aware of the gallery—a little bitch.

[857] [798] The children danced again with offerings. At 9:38 the little gods were taken down from the shrine by Ketjig, handed to the girls, who performed again the dance in two lines which cross, then the figure in a circle, as before. Up until two minutes past ten o'clock they continued, the orchestra playing, people shouting, "caught on a plateau of waiting" to go into trance. It was 796 786 expected that a certain Dajoe, a girl of Brahmana caste, would be the first to go into trance. She was. The notes say:

> Dajoe goes down on her knees, digging the *boeng boeng* (little god) into the ground, head down. The old priest comes and takes the *boeng boeng*. Dajoe holds her hands clasped between her knees, continues to sway . . . Dajoe is getting more excited. . . . Ketjig gives a yell, faces each and glares into her face. . . . Second girl goes down, knees pointing out, wide apart, also digs the doll into the sand, screaming and crying. Moenet dances over her. Moenet gives the impression of being a sort of presiding genius, infinitely more advanced in the mysteries which are under foot [afoot?]. . . . Ngales goes down, digs her doll *into her lap* and into the sand. Priest drags Dajoe forward, in tears.
>
> 10:10 P.M. First two in trance are now out. Moenet is still dancing around the group. She puts her arm lightly, so lightly, now around one, now around another. She weaves in and out, touches the ones on the edge, gathers them into the group. (Comment) This is the most witchlike thing I have seen in Bali, the lightness, the sense of weaving a spell, catching the neophytes in a net with cool, light, impersonal Evil, is very strong.
>
> 10:11 P.M. (Dancer) number five throws her doll down and buries her hands in the sand, arms straight in front of her and parallel, rises and sinks on her hands, crying. Priest takes her and drags her up. Third and fourth are now out of trance, sit and watch. This is the most serial trance that I have ever seen.
>
> 10:19 P.M. . . . Dajoe scatters fire all about her and falls screaming. Moenet now goes in, yelling and walking about. . . . Dajoe rocks back and forth on her knees. . . . Moenet screams on—a thin, unearthly sound, neither like the male kris dancers roar nor the shrill female kris dance scream. (Note: The *gamelan* players, to get them in trance, gave regular male kris dance shrieks —cross stimulus on a high level.)

[152] [533] Moenet on this occasion did not ever fall to the ground. At the last, the group of girls sat with the *boeng boengs* held erect on the tip of their knees. The priest sprinkled them. Ketjig took the little gods from them and put them back on the shrine. When all of the girls had given theirs up, Moenet

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796 786 belly pulses; the fingers of his left hand move. When the Barong comes over him he leaps up at once; he cries; assistants take hold of him and drag him off toward one end. He bends over at the waist. They hold his arms. With an explosive exclamation, "Tja!" he suddenly rises up, eyes open. He looks around. He and three others are given each a kris; they are released when they get the kris. They dance toward the Barong. Ketjig stops when about fifteen feet away, does *ngoerek* (self stabbing), dances up a few steps, does *ngoerek* again. They take his kris away from him. He is given holy water, rubbed on his face. He is panting. He wipes his face in the beard of the Barong. He cries out, "*Mepamit! Mepamit!*" (meaning, "Let me go! Let me go!") twice, rather sharply. He steps to the side of the Barong, where he stands watching the others. Within three minutes of the time he got the kris, he was out of trance, his breathing regular. The whole length of his trance was twenty-two minutes.

The others are having their turn at doing *ngoerek*. A man called Rantó has two krisses. He stands in the center holding them still till another man has passed a particularly violent "fit" in the center of the space—then he takes the center of the stage and does *ngoerek* with both krisses, one pointed on either side of his chest. Ketjig leans forward to look at him. Someone in the crowd exclaims, "Two!"

A man is very agitated, he wants the kris. Several people are trying to hold him while he thrashes about, standing. Ketjig becomes very excited, exclaims, "*Aéng! Belog! Sing tawang apa! Baang kadoetan!*" ("Horror! Stupid! Have you no sense? Give him the kris!")

One by one the men do *ngoerek*, and are brought out of trance by being given a drink of holy water from a coconut. They say "*Mepamit!*" (a form of taking leave) to the Barong sharply, as if recalcitrant, then wipe their faces in Barong's beard.

Poetoe, no longer in the Rangda mask, is standing, being held, growling like a Rangda. He has not had the kris yet. Someone calls out, "That's enough." Toeroen is doing *ngoerek* in his cheek. Then he holds the kris straight down towards the ground for a pause; a tremor shakes him. With a dramatic nod of his head towards the Barong, like a challenge, he begins to stab himself again in the cheek. It takes five men to hold him when they want to take away the kris.

Poetoe is given the kris. He makes two dance steps slowly forward towards the Barong, makes growls like Rangda, "Oh-oh-oh-oh!" He leans far back as he presses the kris in his chest—holds this pose quite still while he appears to press very hard, does not bend back and forth as is usual. He backs up. He speaks in trance.

"*Ih semoet nirané, mara anak toea tjontoina.*" ("O my subjects, at last you've tried an old person.") "*Apang tawanga* I Langlang Boeana *djani!*" ("Let them know I Langlang Boeana now!" This is the name of one of the evil gods in this area.)

Poetoe begins to sob as he talks. All around him people call out, "*Woesan!*" ("Finish!"). Poetoe sits down crosslegged before the Barong. People tell him to *nangkil*, that is "to go into the presence," meaning that he is to go inside the temple. He is walked by two men, then, into the temple. He sits. He leans back, his thighs jigging. He pants, growls. His belly goes in and out with the breathing. His arms are extended, fists lightly clenched on the ground.

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752 that now things were getting worse, and that the place should by all
516 means be purified by a great *metjaroe* ceremony, to drive away the demons and bad spirits who were growing bolder. Falling is a shock which upsets the nice balance of well-being, just as the feeling of a rush of blood to the head in an inverted position is uncomfortable,
855 and must therefore be wrong.[24] Fathers and grandfathers who hold
154 their young children in their laps for hours at a time never swing them about nor cast them in the air as ours are apt to do. Men and
861 women will always endeavor to keep their erect posture, their even
516 pace, their absolute balance, regardless of obstacles in the way, and to cultivate this tendency in the child. White men who scamper down a hillside, in excess of good spirits and momentum, or who leap over a stream, will always evoke laughter in the Balinese who walks
[48] sedately on, stepping into the water as if it did not exist, so long as the even measure of his gait is not interrupted. Because his feet are bare and the water warm, there would seem to be no reason to exert himself to jump over the stream. If it were not that the Balinese never jump, one would say that their habits are only better adjusted than ours to a climate uniformly hot, where it is better to conserve
154 one's energy for those exertions required in the daily work. But the systematic avoidance of all shocks and pains and disturbances of the circulation of the blood characteristic of all adult Balinese would indicate that a more specialized consciousness of the body is involved.
273 And this theory is supported by the fact that the average Balinese, although he has plentiful supplies of distilled arak and palm-wine, does not like to get drunk. The feeling of confusion, the lack of his usual surefootedness and sense of equilibrium, are so unpleasant to him that he does not often risk the experience. And the whirling of the universe which precedes nausea is positively terrifying. Then he is indeed *lost*.

181 Malay people have a term for the sensation of being lost, *keliru*.
823 In the Balinese language the word is *paling*. To be *paling*, they say, is "not to know where North is"; in other words, he is *paling* who has lost his sense of direction, or who has lost the sense of his own position in relation to the geography of his world. One man whom I knew was taken for a trip in a motor car. He fell asleep during the

[24] The Balinese do not express in words the idea that to upset balance is wrong, but they do express it in their affective response. A look of pain, of fear, or of anxiety appears on the face of an adult who tumbles, or of a child who is held upside down, which far surpasses in feeling the response we should expect, and is comparable only to the responses called out by other "wrongs" against the social and religious laws.
[152]

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Behavior at the Plays

Whenever there is a performance of dancing, drama, or the shadow-show, the entire village attends. The audience is packed closely around the four sides of the "stage"—an oblong of level ground marked off with bamboos. The first arrivals squat as near as possible, folded up into the least possible space and pressed against each other, the late comers stand in rows eight or ten deep at the back, the rear-most able to catch only an occasional glimpse of a performer's headdress. In this tight formation the audience remains from the beginning, which for a play may be anywhere between the hours of nine and midnight, to the end which comes about dawn. The whole temper of the audience is, from the actor's standpoint, ideal—watching, concentrated as one man, happy and pleasantly disposed in the warm contact of a large group of their kind, in festive mood, ready to enjoy themselves to the utmost. On the appearance of a hero, particularly graceful and gorgeous in his attire, a whispered "Bèh!" of admiration issues from a hundred mouths; and when the clowns cavort, or a rough joke is made, the entire audience rocks with mirth, the high shrieks of the women's laughter rising above the guffaws of the men. The smallest children, from two or three years upward, constitute the first rows of the audience surrounding the stage. They arrive long before the performers have any thought of beginning, and sit, in quiet expectancy, sometimes for several hours before the play begins. If for any reason a child arrives late, he will with confidence squeeze his way through the crowd, pushing past people of higher rank and superior in age, to a good place in the very front. During the performance, the children watch every detail of the action with intentness.[8] Generally even the tiniest ones stay through the night, although they fall asleep for hours at a time, and only manage to wake up for the most exciting parts, battles, or the enacting of bewitchment.

Older boys and girls, especially those who have passed adolescence, come to the performance in groups of two or three friends.

[8] In connection with the close integration of the Balinese children with the life of their elders, one sees a parallel with the gentle and maternal Arapesh people, as described by Margaret Mead. She says of their children, ". . . games are played very seldom. More often the times when children are together in large enough groups to make a game worth while are the occasions of a feast, there is dancing and adult ceremonial, and they find the rôle of spectatorship far more engrossing." And again, ". . . early experience accustoms them to be part of the whole picture, to prefer to any active child-life of their own a passive part that is integrated with the life of the community" (*Sex and Temperament*, New York, William Morrow and Company, 1935, pp. 57-58).

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The feeling of modesty—no other words seems to apply—attached to eating does not apply to drinking, and anyone will drink anywhere, without making a fuss about it. Similarly no shame is felt for urinating, which is done by both men and women along the public roads, in the open fields, anywhere except within the housecourt or on holy ground. But for defecating the people retire to relative privacy, "where the pigs are," out of sight. The many pigs and dogs act as scavengers, and may be relied upon to do away with all the filth.

Where there are gushing springs, bathing places are constructed, with walls dividing off the place of the women from that of the men. When the rivers are used for bathing, the sexes divide into groups, the men taking the upstream position, the women the downstream. But within each group modesty is shown, and the genitals may not be exposed even to a member of the same sex. The men cover themselves with one hand, the women lift their skirts gradually, and suddenly plunge waist deep in the water. Dressing and undressing may be done in public by both men and women, for their clothes are of such a nature that they can be changed without immodesty.*

Manifestations of the Emotional Life

The Balinese are universally afraid in the dark, and the fear of *léjaks*, living male and female sorcerers in supernatural form, is intensified between the hours of midnight and dawn, when these creatures are supposed to roam. Even grown boys and men will not visit at night unholy places such as the graveyard, the crossroads, certain trees and bridges where supernatural manifestations are frequent. They are afraid to walk along the dark village streets at night, unless accompanied, but if a man must go alone he sings in a loud voice to frighten away the *léjaks*, or to keep his spirits up. His housecourt is his haven. The encircling clay walls, the high ceremonial entrance gate, and the magic strip of wall immediately within this gate (to block the path of evil spirits) give him a feeling a security, sleeping upon the open pavilions. But he prefers not to sleep alone. If he has passed the age when he wishes to sleep next his wife, he will take one or two of his little sons to bed with him. Small children sleep with their parents, grandparents, or huddle in a group together.

* For the breasts, of course, the women show no modesty at all. It is only the region from the knees to the waist which must never be exposed. The Balinese feel about exposure of the thighs of women as Westerners feel about their breasts, and a woman in a Western bathing suit is extremely shocking to them for that reason.

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and woman to be caused when the male organ finally achieves contact with the *manik*.[18]

Although a free display of the affection between the sexes, except in private, is forbidden, the Balinese have a strong tendency to hold on to and caress each other in all relations where no sexual connotation is implied. Fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, love to fondle the young children, to press their faces into them and "sniff" them, just as in the relation between a man and a woman. Two girls, two boys, or two bearded ancients will stroll along a road holding hands, or with their arms about each other. Such gestures should not be misconstrued as evidences of homosexuality, for they are no more than the habitual expressions of a demonstratively affectionate people.

Manifestations of anger are remarked much less frequently than those of love, fear, and affection in the everyday life. An equable temper is certainly the characteristic one among the Balinese. If a man is easily angered, he is said to have *kapala angin*, a Malay expression meaning "a windy head." Although one often hears voices raised in explosive and admonitory speech, they can hardly be said to be expressing anger, for among the adults, as among the children, superiors have always the right to call down their inferiors, an elder brother to speak harshly to a younger, a man to "order" (never simply to ask) his wife to do something for him. Each Balinese is habituated to thinking of himself as relatively more or less powerful than all the other members of his familiar group. And if he is less powerful, he obeys naturally and usually without remonstrance. By contrast, in larger groups, such as communal organizations, whose members are on a less intimate footing with each other, great care is taken to preserve the equality between the members. Each man is reluctant to appear to be giving an order or dictating in any way to his social equal. For this reason, in any group of workers the man whom we would call the "foreman" seems always inefficient and lacking in administrative powers; and the resulting accomplish-

[18] The reproductive function of semen is not unknown to them, as is illustrated in the popular legend of the creation of Kala, to whom Civa gave birth alone, by producing a single drop of semen. The parallel with the *manik* idea is, however, interestingly carried out in the legend, for it is only on being repeatedly struck by the arrows of the gods that the drop of semen becomes alive, gets arms and legs, a head, genitals, etc., and finally stands up and shouts, a fully formed Kala. It is difficult to tell whether the theme of the repeated striking refers to the rhythmic motion of copulation, or to an idea that a single sexual act is not sufficient to cause the development of the embryo, and that the man must continue to "strike" during gestation, so that the child will grow.

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ment has a lively, if haphazard, character, brought about by the enthusiasm of the various individuals working together virtually without a leader. One has the impression that it is fear of angering his fellows which prevents the Balinese from assuming a dominant attitude towards persons outside of his familiar group.

When anger does appear, it usually follows the pattern of the Malay "running amok," also recognized in Bali. The literature is filled with episodes in which a man, even a prince or Radja, who is overcome with grief or thwarted in his desires, "becomes confused in his mind, and retires to his sleeping-apartment, where he lies for many days and many nights, refusing both food and drink." This brooding state is the first stage in the pattern, when the man remains alone, nursing his grievances, until he has worked himself into a trance-like state, and he will have the strength to rush out and commit deeds of violence. Tales of warriors describe the stirring up of anger before going into combat; and all war dances have brooding passages interspersed between the gestures and expressions of fierce and terrifying advance. Bravery in itself is not highly valued. It is considered more natural for a man to be under the sway of fear than of anger. A man shows no embarrassment over his fear—he says quite simply "I do not dare," whether the project in question is a midnight visit to the graveyard, or climbing a coconut tree on a day of the astrological calendar when it is forbidden. The things which a man will not dare to do are those which the experience of his forbears have shown to be unwise, and to behave with intrepidity without good reason would be to court disaster, not only for himself but perhaps for the whole community.

Deviants

We have seen that in such a social scheme each individual has his place, and he has only to do what is expected of him to fit with nicety into the life of the group. But there are occasions when an individual finds it impossible to conform, and at these times disturbance and maladjustment appear. Certain temperaments, for instance, are not amenable to the national habit of submissive obedience. Women with fiery dispositions may run away from their husbands, taking shelter with their own families, and refusing to return, or departing with a lover.[11] A small boy of eight told the following story of his

[11] For cases of runaway wives see the author's "Study of a Balinese Family," *American Anthropologist*, 1936, XXXVIII, No. 1 (in press).

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him to the cremation place, they shout, they leap, they lift their arms in threatening gestures, they whirl around and around in a mass of vigorously stamping, kicking, and entangled limbs, falling down, trampling upon their fellows, hurling themselves into a pool of mud and besplattering each other with howls of glee. Again, a group of villagers wishing to divine the will of the gods goes into trance—tears stream down the face of a young girl, a woman sobs hysterically, an old man trembles as in an ague, a youth with rolling eyes and thrashing limbs tries to force burning coals into his mouth. Or in a ceremony for the propitiation of the King of Demons, in the form of a grotesque figure of a lion, a group of men and boys clusters about, shouting, prancing, pressing with all the strength of both arms the point of a kris into their own naked chests. One holds the handle of the weapon on the ground, with the point upward, and hurls his body upon it, throwing both feet in the air so that he will strike with all his weight. The term *riboet*, a Malay word meaning "storm," is applied to a group in such an excited state. Acting under the powerful stimulus of mass-emotion, each man forgets to be cautious, to be dignified, to be afraid. The minor fears of pain and bodily disturbance are for the time forgotten. When the frenzy is carried to the pitch of trance, the Balinese is to a great extent in a state of anaesthesia, able to dance upon hot coals or to wound himself with a dagger (although they themselves say that if the trance is sufficiently deep the flesh will resist the dagger and no wound will be sustained). But even without trance, every individual who participates in the excitement is free to break the rules without experiencing fear or shame for his unusual behavior. He is secure in the consciousness that he is one of many, that the crowd moves as he does.

It has seemed necessary to mention, however briefly, these forms of activity which are in sharp contrast to the slow deliberate tempo, the quiet dignity and balanced equilibrium of the habitual movements. For the Balinese at their daily tasks lead a life of reserved, steady—almost plodding—application to hard labor, made easier by the absolute lack of tension or of any pressure from the sense of time, and by the rhythmic flow of their motions interspersed with suitable periods of rest. But this existence, they say, is dull and lonely without festivals and celebrations. Luckily their religion provides many occasions for celebration, and at these times the people burst forth in a riot of true *fun*, when all together they adorn them-